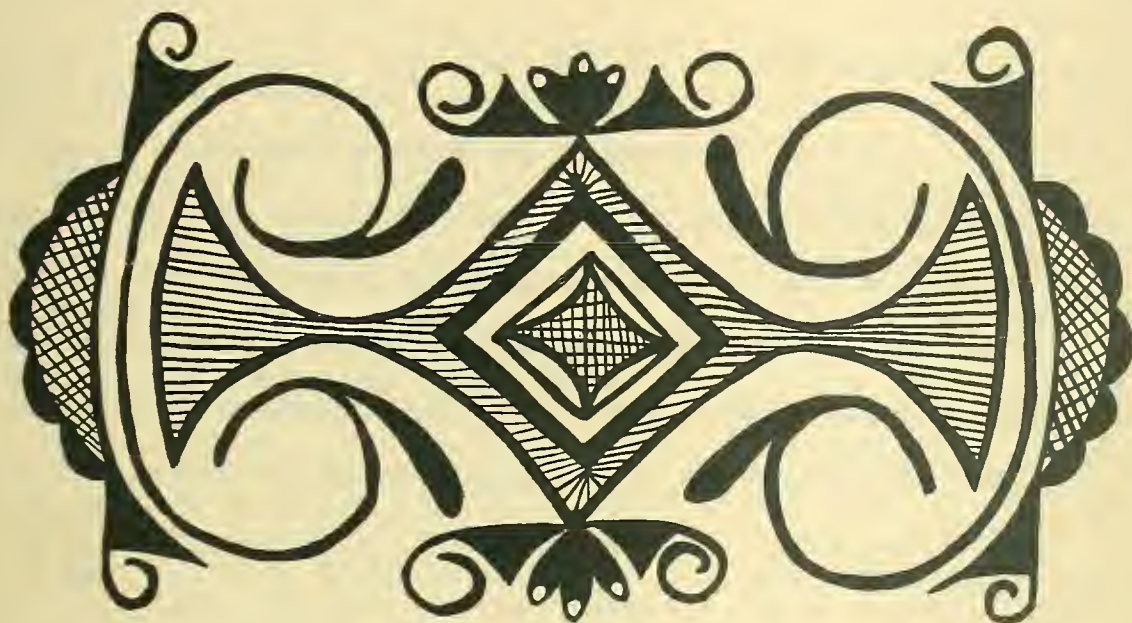


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INDIANS AT • WORK



APRIL 15, 1937

A NEWS SHEET FOR INDIANS
AND THE INDIAN SERVICE

OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



NOTICE

Due to the moving of the Department of the Interior offices into the New Interior Building, and due particularly to the moving of the machines upon which "Indians At Work" is multilithed, there will be some uncertainty as to the dates of the May issues. Delay or even omission of one of them may be necessary.



I N D I A N S A T W O R K

C O N T E N T S O F T H E I S S U E O F A P R I L 1 5 , 1 9 3 7 .

Volume IV

Number 17
Page

| | | |
|--|--------------------------|----|
| Editorial | John Collier | 1 |
| More About "False Reportings" | | 6 |
| Cover Design | | 6 |
| New Yorker Is Awed And Shocked In The Fog Of A Dust Bowl Storm | George Greenfield | 8 |
| Reorganization News | | 13 |
| Seneca Soundings | Louis Balsam | 14 |
| Some Things The Indian Race Has Contributed To World Culture | | 15 |
| Great Lakes Delegation Visits Washington | | 22 |
| Tongue River Representatives In Washington | | 22 |
| Forum On The American Indian At Indianapolis | Lawrence E. Lindley | 23 |
| Hopi Arts and Crafts | Otto Lomavitu | 24 |
| Grand Portage | Grace L. Nute | 26 |
| Can You See This Wind? | | 32 |
| I.E.C.W. In Monument Valley, Navajo Agency | Fred M. Goldsworthy | 33 |
| Fine Horses - Pride Of The Crows | Robert Yellowtail | 37 |
| Fort Hall I.E.C.W. Undertakes Varied Program | C. B. Garrett | 40 |
| New Study Of Navajo Situation Issued | | 43 |
| Threat To Seneca Land Averted | | 46 |
| J. P. Kinney Of I.E.C.W. Staff Writes History Of Indian Land Tenure | Allan G. Harper | 47 |
| Father Gagnieur, Worker For Half-Century Among Chippewas, Dies | | 48 |
| From I.E.C.W. Reports | | 49 |

THE PASSING OF WINTER IN THE SIOUX COUNTRY



Photo by Fiske



• INDIANS • AT • WORK •

A News Sheet for Indians
and the Indian Service

• VOLUME IV • • APRIL 15, 1937 • • NUMBER 17 •

A member of the Washington staff voices distress. He fears that the uncertainties created in the Indian and Service mind by the attempts to destroy the Indian Reorganization Act may result in a setback to the Indian life program.

And I share his concern, to this extent: that Indians know how in past decades, generations, many times the government has changed its policies -- sometimes disastrously -- without careful consideration and without consulting the Indians. And Indians know that many times in the past the government has made compacts with them, has allowed them to make profound adjustments in their lives to meet the terms of the compacts, and then cynically or carelessly has abrogated the compacts (treaties or agreements). Indians look on the Reorganization Act as the latest, most far-reaching of the government's compacts, and naturally they fear a repetition of past history.

Otherwise stated, Indians suffer from an inherited feeling of insecurity which among a good many Indians almost amounts to an "anxiety neurosis", so that the distress arising from such an incident as the attempted repeal of the Reorganization Act is greater than would be the distress of white people if similarly threatened.

The following information is set down to alleviate this feeling of distress among some of the Indians.

The Indian Reorganization Act received fuller consideration by Congress than any Indian legislation of this lifetime. Indians will remember that very detailed hearings were carried out in both the Senate and the House, and that the President addressed Congress twice upon the bill. Public opinion is well informed about the Reorganization Act. No proposed repeal, or radical amendment, of the Act could get to the floors of Congress without careful previous hearings before the Indian Committees of the House and Senate.

At these hearings, any onslaught against the Reorganization Act would have to pass from generalities to particulars. The discussion would have to deal with the actual language and actual operations of the Act. Let me illustrate what would then take place.

One of the critics of the Act has charged that Indians who have not adopted the Act have been discriminated against. The facts produced at the hearings would show that actually the tribes who have not adopted the Act have received more money than the tribes which did adopt it.

One of the critics has stated that he wants Indians to have the educational opportunities which whites now have. At the hearings it would be developed that the Reorganization Act has only one bearing upon this question, namely, that it authorizes a quarter of a million dollars a year for educational loans for advanced training of Indians in business and professional and technical schools and colleges. For the rest, the hearings would develop the fact that 50,328 of the 82,531 Indian children attending school at the present time are attending white public schools; and that those attending Indian schools frequently are receiving a more practical, up-to-date training as viewed by white education than most white children ever get.

Again, one of the critics has stated that the tribe which first organized and first became a chartered corporation under the Act, is dissatisfied, and that five hundred of its members, who amount to about one-sixth of the tribe, have petitioned against the Act. At the hearings, so far as the facts after careful inquiry indicate, it would be developed that no such petition exists or has been signed by five hundred members of the tribe in question.

Some critics of the Act talk about an alleged denial, in the government's schools, of Christian ministrations to the Indians. At the hearings it would be developed that no such denial exists but that, on the contrary, the government's Indian schools extend facilities to ministers and missionaries which are denied in all public schools.

Other critics talk about Communism, and say that the tribes organized under the Act are Soviet institutions. At the hearings it would become evident that tribes organized under the Act are merely clothed with some of the powers of ordinary municipal government in the United States and some of the powers of the ordinary membership or business corporation in the United States; and at such hearings it might become possible to show even to the most benighted of such critics that a cattle association, a credit union, or a consumers' cooperative organization, is not communistic but is precisely the opposite thing from Communism.

In brief, at a hearing, if held, there would be a swift and conclusive "debunking" of numerous statements being made against the Reorganization Act.

If, in spite of such a showing, a repeal bill were reported to either House, then the discussion would be transferred to the floor, and there would be small chance indeed of a favorable vote.

If by a miracle Congress should enact a repeal, the President's veto power remains.

The situation is not comparable to that which existed in other times when disastrous changes of policy were carelessly adopted or when treaties were torn up by Congress. In those instances, the Executive branch of the government was in agreement with Congress or was inactive or neutral. In the present case, the Executive branch of the government stands on the side of the Indians -

as, in the event of a vote, Congress also would prove to stand.

And in previous times, the public has been largely uninformed. In the present instance, as stated above, the public is well informed and there is a widespread and an active public opinion which would go into action, in the measure necessary, if a real peril should prove to exist.

A final word to Indians and to Indian Service people both. These are times when great and sudden changes take place in the shape of public affairs all over the world. At such times, it is perfectly proper, and necessary and wholesome, for all citizens to be "on their tiptoes", and to be conscious of the necessity for watchfulness, of thoughtfulness and of struggle. The condition of the world is a condition of profound insecurity, and of unpredictable futures. Whether or not one's own immediate situation is insecure and unpredictable, nevertheless he is a part of the world and must partake of its pangs of insecurity.

All of us have to learn to live in such a world. We must "tone ourselves up" to this cold climate and these howling winds.

Socrates said: "The unexamined life is not worth living." We at this particular pass of world affairs are being enabled and compelled to examine our lives, in a way that our fathers and grandfathers did not have to do -- indeed, could not do. To me it seems a very wholesome thing, that into Indian life, which is not apart from but one with humanity at large, there should be driven this

necessity of watchfulness, of preparedness for effort and for struggle, and of the searching of foundations. It is a good thing for the education and the upbuilding of the Indian race, and incidentally of the Indian Service.

JOHN COLLIER

Commissioner of Indian Affairs

* * * * *

MORE ABOUT "FALSE REPORTINGS"

In the February 15 issue of "Indians At Work", an article called "False Reportings" dealt with an earlier article published by the Indian Rights Association in the leaflet called "Indian Truth."

In the March issue of "Indian Truth", the Indian Rights Association made reply to the article "False Reportings."

To this reply, a response has been made, which is available to those interested, in mimeographed form. The rejoinder in "Indian Truth" has not seemed to call for any modification in the original statement about "False Reportings", and it is not believed that the subject has an interest general enough to make it worthwhile to print the subsequent answer in "Indians At Work."

* * * * *

COVER DESIGN

The cover design for this issue was drawn by Ruth Lalio, student at the Zuni Day School, Zuni, New Mexico. The motif was taken from a Zuni water jar.

LAGUNA WOMAN CARRYING WATER



NEW YORKER IS AWED AND SHOCKED IN THE FOG OF A DUST BOWL STORM

Rides 200 Miles On Train Through A Blinding Murk That Chokes And Kills All
Animal And Plant Life, And Denudes And Ravages A Once Rich Land

Reprinted By Permission From New York Times

By George Greenfield

In Kansas, Aboard The Denver Special of the Union Pacific, March 7.

I am in the midst of a dust storm. The conductor tells me it is the first bad dust storm of 1937 and one of the worst he has seen in two years.



Running For Shelter In A South Dakota Dust Storm

Through the car window I can see telegraph poles, some twenty feet from the roadbed. Beyond that fences line a road. The fences are approximately 100 feet from the tracks. Beyond that is a thick fog - black, impenetrable, forbidding. We have passed through 200 miles of man-made fog.

Looking out of the window, you might think it merely a cloudy, stormy day; that is, if you didn't know you were in a dust bowl. It is a cloudy day, but a different kind of clouds. Not the clouds New Yorkers know.

I had read of dust storms, but they were vague in my consciousness. Now I see one, and it is a terrible, an awesome thing.

They are clouds of dust - soil; soil blowing away from a ravaged and denuded land. A land raped by greed for \$2 wheat.

I have had only one thought in my brains as I sit on the train and look out at this desert through which we have been passing for two hours. It is a saddening, almost a heart-tearing thought. It is the thought that right here, under my very eyes, I am seeing this country blowing away.

Can you, back in your secure and comfortable homes, picture it? No. You have to see it, feel it, sense it. Here, in what was once the richest farm and stock land of the Middle West, I see the disintegration of that soil which has fed us.

Let me tell about it.

I left Kansas City at 10:10 o'clock at night. The next morning, near Ellis, Kansas, 303 miles from Kansas City, the country was bathed in sun ...

Darkening Over Barren Land

Then, about an hour later, I noticed the light was becoming dim. It seemed as if the sky was darkening and I had the feeling that it was going to rain or snow. The whistle of wind sounded through the cracks of the window.

By now we were in the vicinity of Oakley, Kansas. Suddenly I realized that we were in a dust storm. In the dust bowl of Western Kansas. What is a dust bowl? If it were not for a few gaunt, bare trees seen occasionally in the distance, I would think this country a flat Sahara Desert, except that the ground is hard and brown and not rolling and sandy white.

It is not a desert in the sense that you see only vast reaches of sand, as in the Sahara. What makes you think of a desert is the lack of life. The land looks dead. I have not seen more than one or two automobiles driving on the road that parallels the railroad track for a hundred miles or more.

I have seen human beings only in the bleak, deserted-appearing villages, consisting of a dozen or so shacks that we have passed or at which we halted to pick up water. Houses empty, yards empty. I have not seen a single child in these ghost-like, pathetic villages. The few persons I saw, looked like a lost people living in a lost land.

Miles Of Lifeless Terrain

I do not exaggerate when I say that this flat land, this country in which the soil is blowing away and piling up in mounds and filling your eyes, your mouth and nose with grit that irritates the throat and lining of your nostrils, I am not exaggerating when I say that it makes me feel I am looking at a dead land.

I see death, for there is no life; for miles upon miles I have seen no life, no human beings, no birds, no animals. Only dull brown land with cracks showing; ground that looks like gray clay. Hills furrowed with eroded gullies - you have seen pictures like that in ruins of lost civilizations.

Trees, once in a while. But their branches, their naked limbs, are gray with dust. They look like ghosts of trees, shackled and strangled by this serpent, flinging their naked arms skyward as if crying for rescue from this encircling, choking thing...

Death Riding The Rails

Did I say a while back that all this reminded me of death? Let me tell you what a fellow passenger, who did not want his name published, told me.

"Two trainmen died not so long ago as a result of passing through these dust storms for two years," he said. "They got the dust in their lungs - dust pneumonia, they call it. Lungs couldn't function the way they should. Got real pneumonia and died." ...

I saw one of the trainmen get off at a stop a while back when we were in the midst of the thickest part of the storm. He had a silk handkerchief tied around his mouth as he walked beside the tracks. When he returned and the train got under way he cursed. He spat and made a wry face.

"Awful," he said, "awful."

When he goes out into the air at train stops and puts that handkerchief around his head, he keeps moistening it with saliva. That helps him to breathe. He also has a gadget like a gas mask. When the storms are real bad (they all say today's is not as bad as the 1935 one - and Lord knows what it is like when it's real bad) why, then he puts on his dust mask.

"I've been taking treatments that cost me \$170," said the trainman. "Dust gets into the intestines, and that ain't so good."

His face was drawn and worried. He looked out of the window at a deserted village with an expression that I can't quite describe. He dreads the trip through Western Kansas as though it were the plague.

Extermination Of Rabbits

Death, did I say? I have been talking to people today who travel up and down this route, asking this man his opinion, another his experiences.

"I counted twelve telegraph poles on a trip through here last year, remarked one, solemnly, "and between those twelve poles saw not less than forty Kansas jackrabbits stretched out on the ground, deader than mackerel. Choked to death by dust. Why, these big jackrabbits - they were famous for their size - have been killed by thousands."

He paused to pound his right fist into his left palm, then continued: "I mean by thousands! You don't see hardly any now. You don't see any wild life out here, 'cept maybe a few crows - and even those black bandits aren't here like they used to be. No, sir. No robins, no sage hens, no song birds and few animals of any kind. They're gone - gone. No place for 'em to live, nothin' to eat."

I haven't seen one bird today. A few crows and one rabbit I did glimpse.

Uprooting Of Buffalo Grass

We passed a lonely farm a few miles back where seven cattle were grazing. They were the first cattle I had seen in several hours of riding.

"You see that buffalo grass?" said one of my companions in the parlor car. "There's still a little of that grass left there and those cattle look in pretty good shape. But that buffalo grass isn't here any more the way it used to be. The wind and dust have torn it up by the roots and left the soil as bare as your hand."

"Those few cattle used to be represented by vast herds so thick that you couldn't count them." He shook his head. "Yes, sir, right in this spot we're passing through they were as thick as flies. Now the stockmen are gone, too." ...

There was a puzzled, mystified look in his face. It is an expression I have seen on the faces of other people on the train. They can't understand this outburst of Nature's wrath. I saw fear in their faces, as of impending disaster ...

Waste Answers Scorners

Some of the passengers on the train pooh-pooh this dust storm talk. They say it's not so bad as the papers make out. They say it's bad for business, makes people afraid to invest in things out here and scares away people who have been living here. I suspect strongly this is native pride and shrewdness, coming to the defense of a threatened resource. Hope against hope.

They have no answer when I point out to the deserted-looking villages and the lifeless, utterly lifeless, land.

The windows in this train, all through the train, are sealed. It would take a crowbar to open them. The trains are air-conditioned throughout.

But the thin, gray dust covers the sill where I sit and write, seeping through sealed windows and the porter bustles from chair to chair with a towel in his hand, cleaning the stuff from the windows and the sills. He takes his broom and goes out on the platform and sweeps away a covering of sand; sand that looks like Jones Beach sand, only thinner, finer, lifeless looking sand.



Dust Storm In Stanton County, Kansas - 1934.

"I was in Oakley not long ago," said a thin, sallow-faced man, "when a cloud of dust hung over the town and you could hardly see across the street. Then it started to rain, and, brother, I'm telling you it rained mud, just black mud. And then it turned to sleet and the ground was so slippery it was as much as your life to walk out in it."

"Yeah," said another passenger, "I know a town in this part of the country where they sent sixty-nine people to a hospital with dust inside 'em and only nine came back. The rest are in the boneyard." His face wore a mask of puzzlement...

Blown Away By Erosion

Soil erosion. Wind erosion. Those words are vague and nebulous to many of you in New York. I did not know about them, either, when I left New York. But I know now, for today I have seen, I have seen what waste, greed, exploitation have done to our land. Unwise use, short-sighted farming.

Literally, our land is blowing away, piling up in mounds of sand that make you think of the mounds of the Gobi Desert. Little holes in the land, about two or three feet in circumference, dot the bare countryside; places where the wind has struck and dug out the soil like so much feathery sand. No vegetation left to hold the land intact, to repulse the wind.

It is a frightening experience. A thing no one would believe or visualize unless he has gone through it. The last time I was out here, twenty years ago, there were cattle and trees and birds and life.

I cannot help remember J. N. Darling's words at the conservation conference in St. Louis last week, where a great army was organized to fight these things that are wasting our grand country away.

Ding, a man who had the vision of all this years ago, but to whom no one listened said:

"We must stop soil erosion. We must stop it because no government, no matter whether it be Democratic, Republican, Communistic, or dictatorship, can withstand the demands of hungry men who search for food in vain."

Today I have seen the cold hand of death on what was one of the great breadbaskets of the nation.

REORGANIZATION NEWS

Constitution

| | <u>Yes</u> | <u>No</u> |
|--|------------|-----------|
| March 3 Saginaw (Great Lakes Agency) | 109 | 3 |

Charters

| | <u>Yes</u> | <u>No</u> |
|---------------------------------|------------|-----------|
| March 15 Pine Ridge | 894 | 1525 |
| March 15 Rosebud | 1041 | 950 |

SENECA SOUNDINGS

By Louis Balsam

Field Representative - Office of Indian Affairs



From The Tops Of These Buildings One
Almost Can See Indian Land

One afternoon a white man stood gazing over the high stone parapet at the very top of the Empire State Building in New York City. For fifty miles in any direction he could see hills, rivers, valleys, roads, trees and buildings in stimulating panorama. Directly beneath him, 1,000 feet down, was the vast intricate congestion of humanity, streets, smoke, structures, odors and traffic that is New York

City. Nearly seven million human beings, for the most part "civilized", lived, loved and had their being within a small radius of where he stood.

The white man looked down to where Thirty-fourth Street met Fifth Avenue and it came to him vividly that that corner was a symbol; a symbol of industry, art, finance, labor, capital, sophistication, pomp, prostitution, kindness, crime, justice, religion, indifference, tolerance, intolerance - all conceivable forms of human expression, interest and endeavor. Here on any given day, and even as he looked, hundreds of thousands of human beings rubbed shoulders in an endless stream. Crowds flowed into and out of each other. Tremendous masses of human beings, each one bent upon the fulfillment of individual desires; millions of such individuals, millions of dollars and millions of plans, schemes, achievements, worries, ambitions, fears, hopes, all summed up in a name - New York City.

He pondered this city before him and realized the futility of trying to sum it up in a phrase - yet he could not help being aware of certain characteristics; its sophistication, its high-speed tempo and the outward signs, certainly, of such power and magnificence as perhaps the world had not before seen quite the like. "All these huge masses of people ... how much can they mean to one another? What groups hold them endearingly together?" he wondered.

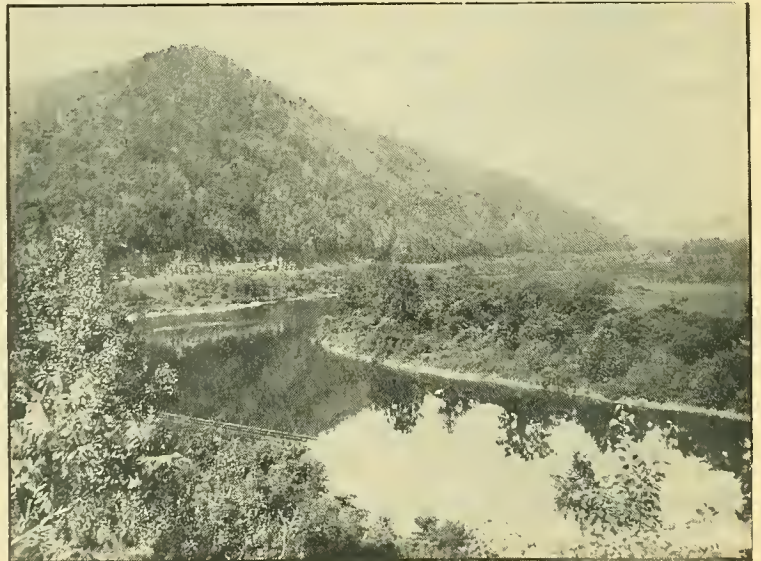
Off to the north and west, far beyond the sixty and eighty-story skyscrapers and beyond the roofs of vast tenement buildings housing 1,500 families in an individual unit, remote from complex traffic jams, he saw a suggestion of green fields and of lakes. "Why just out there," he said, half pointing, "on several reservations Indians are living! Senecas. In a matter of hours I could be with them - away from all this - and still be in the very heart of New York State ..."

* * * * *

During his first few days at various Seneca reservations at Onondaga, Tonawanda, Tuscarora, Cattaraugus and Allegany, it was difficult for him to believe that he really was among Indians. Here within about an hour from the great city of Buffalo were over 4,000 Indian people. Unless he deliberately looked into the faces of many of them, it was seldom possible for him to tell the majority of these Indians from the many thousands of white New Yorkers who lived everywhere about them. Certainly not by their clothes could he describe them as Indians, since the overwhelming majority dressed exactly as their white neighbors: the same overalls, shirts, working suits, hats, dresses; everything identical. Their homes, too, disappointed this white man who was looking for a native, primitive culture.

These Senecas lived as did the white people about them who were in similar circumstances: simple wooden frame dwellings, of two, three and four rooms housed hundreds of them. Many hundreds lived in well-worn shacks, patched and repatched with boards, with wood from orange crates and with tar paper. Scores of homes had leaking roofs, crumpled steps, broken porches, and all of these were exactly as similar homes of thousands of white neighbors.

When the man looked about for signs of industry or of work which would mark these people as Indians, he at first found none. Hundreds were mechanics, machinists, laborers and workers in the great mills and industries at Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse. In proportion to their population, more of them had retained their jobs than did white people during the depression, entirely because of the excellence of the work of the Indians who had



"Wolf Run" - Allegheny River

not only learned white men's techniques but had gone white men one better! A very small number of Indians were making a living by farming. On these reservations, as on others much further west, the visitor found a good deal of leased land which the Indians had rented out to white farmers. A small amount of this land was considered the best in the State of New York and from it, Italian and other farmers were making a fat living whilst the Indian owners were barely "getting by."

As the white man talked with more and more of these Indian people, he learned after a week or so that most of them were ambitious to build themselves up to the standards of living of the surrounding whites. Large numbers of Senecas had already intermarried and these said little or nothing about being Indians. Others considered themselves whites, owned especially fine homes and were treated as equals by white neighbors.

Automobiles were everywhere. Most of them were six to a dozen years old. Many were driven with a lofty, almost noble, disregard of such worldly considerations as traffic laws. It gave the white visitor a feeling of being back in the west among horses, so individually active and unpredictable were the movements of many of the Indian-driven cars he encountered on reservations. Like horses, too, many of these cars showed no lights at night.

When he delved into statistics, the visitor saw that these Indians had, from New York, the same average of public relief money per capita as did their white neighbors. He remembered his history sufficiently to recall that it was within his own lifetime that the Seneca peoples considered it beneath their dignity and self-respect to ask charity of anyone. They took care of their own poor and helpless. "Civilization and its blessings!" the visitor said mockingly to himself. "White man's contribution to 'Lo, the poor Indian!'"

As he rode over miles of the finest roads in the State, right through and across the various reservations, he realized again and again that most of the white people in the thousands of cars that used these same roads daily, zoomed along probably without even imagining the hundreds and thousands of Indians who lived on both sides of those highways: Seneca Indians, whose power and pride, whose land and assets, whose handicrafts, self-sufficiency and basic philosophies of life, even when viewed in retrospect, remain one of the great glories of a great continent.

These Indians were Somebody once. Indians and proud to be Indians. Today only a portion of the thousands who owned and roamed New York State, remained and more and more they were becoming like white people and proud of that too. "Well, all life is change," the white man told himself. "It isn't life otherwise. If these Senecas have really lost their Indianship, and if they are really becoming swallowed up in the white population, then they are. We might as well look the facts right in the eye!"

He let his thoughts run along that channel: in another generation, perhaps, there might be no Indian problem in New York. In another generation, people would believe less than they do now that there were any Indians in New York State. Racial amalgamation, he recalled, seems like a slow process, but once it is under way it isn't very long before its thoroughness seems startling.

Somehow the thought of these Senecas' disappearance troubled him despite his attempt at objectivity and at facing facts. Were they really disappearing? Were they really blending? He felt, sadly, what a pity it was that what we call civilization should kill so much of the best that is our heritage from a simpler and saner past. That night and in several nights that followed he had his answer: an answer which to this day heartens and delights him: The answer was that so far as human relations go, what one sees on the surface is not necessarily the whole picture! The answer was that what is told to one by those most able to talk, or by those who have an axe to grind, or ambitions of their own, is not either the whole truth, even though the tellers are sincere.

On that memorable night he was deeply privileged to have a glimpse at the soul of a people; for where a people's joyous, creative expression is, there their soul is, too. He was invited to sit in with a group of Senecas who were called pagan: a powerfully large minority who while outwardly look-



The Mask-Makers' Corner*

*Photograph through courtesy of Rochester Museum, New York.



Rev. Peter W. Doctor,
Pastor, Presbyterian Church,
Tonawanda Reservation In New York

ing exactly like and living exactly like the other mechanics, machinists, laborers and farmers were still Indians in the deepest and richest sense of that term: an Indian oasis in the vastness of surrounding white civilization!

Into a very ordinary cottage he found his way. It was a two-room dwelling and not a bit different from hundreds of American cottages around it. Once inside, however, he had the feeling of quite definitely leaving white America entirely behind him. Utterly.

In the larger of the two rooms almost everything had been cleared away, leaving the floor bare. Almost everything except, to his amazement and delight, four examples of arts and crafts as fine and as beautifully done as any similar art work done by any people anywhere! Upon one wall hung a hand-carved wooden mask of superb proportions and executed with a feeling for life - and a creativeness any white wood sculptor might feel proud of. The mask had an aliveness of expression, a certain sadness and wistfulness which deeply moved the visitor. "Do you folks

do much of this work?" he asked. A dozen voices answered at once. For days afterwards the white man kept asking to see more of these remarkable masks. The more he saw, the more he marveled: marveled, too, at the vitality of the Seneca Society of Faces built around the cultural significance of these masks to help get rid of disease and dis-ease.

In one corner of the room was a "snow snake." This was a slim shaft of highly polished wood about eight feet long, delicately and beautifully wrought. Just as the masks were made for the joy of creative expression to be used in religious ceremonials, so were these snow snakes made for the joy of doing it, but for winter sports.

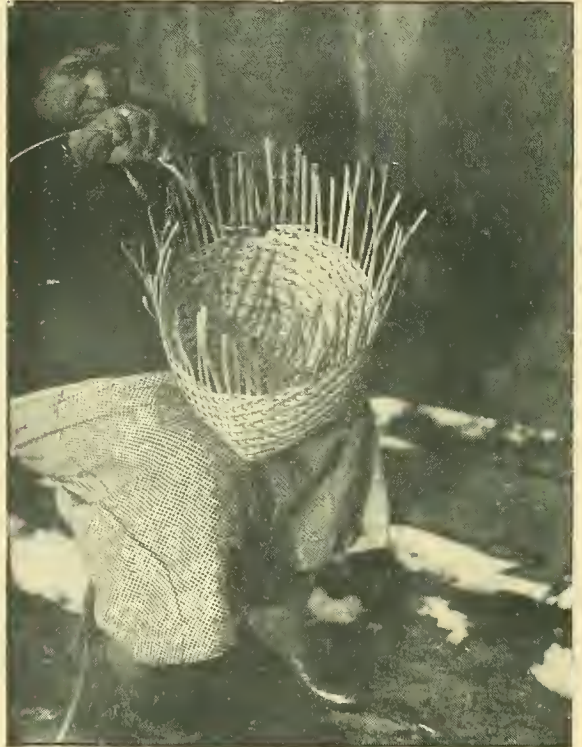
On another wall was a pair of snowshoes. A careful examination of these showed them to have admirably combined beauty and utility. Beneath these was one of the "crooked mouth" masks, a thing of urgency and of life. Done, in the name of Religion, for the pleasure of doing it. Art, indeed.

He was exhilarated by seeing these expressions of Seneca life. He looked upon the men on the crowded benches, now, with heightened interest. Some of them were carrying small rattles about six inches long, the handles of which were made of wood about a quarter of an inch thick and the rattle of which was made of cow's horn, scraped and polished. Other men were holding small water-drums about six inches in diameter.

With these and with no other musical instruments, the men began to produce music and rhythm so powerful, so dynamic, so cosmic, as to make the white guest grip his hands in delight and expectation. Starting with one man who began a quiet rhythmic chant, accompanied by an equally rhythmic tapping of both his feet which singing and tapping increased in volume, in tempo and in emotional force it was a matter of seconds before everyone of the twenty-odd Indians in that room had joined him. The group now began to sing with rising tones, with increasing tempo, with increasing rhythm, with feet moving faster and faster, singing in rich harmony with rattles sounding and with small drums echoing.

In no time at all, every Indian present had succeeded in singing himself and rhythming himself completely out of his workaday ordinary world. Completely and beautifully. Eyes closed, spirits released and soaring, these Indians were now at one with Deeps of Life, with the very essence of Creativity, with Religion in its noblest sense. By their own efforts, out of the dynamic reaches of their own revered and glorious past, out of centuries only apparently gone, came this vital poignant strength: Strength to face life again tomorrow and other tomorrows to the end of time: Strength very quietly, despite surface appearance, despite propaganda, to be Indians even in an overwhelmingly non-Indian world!

As he sat in that room which was once (could it have been a thousand years ago when he entered?) a very ordinary place, he knew that it was a little room no longer, nor even a definite place in a definite locality! The songs from the Deeps of Long Ago, the rhythms and the spiritual intensities which his Indian hosts had evolved by now, had possessed this white man too; had released in him impulses, perhaps aeons old, who knows? There he was, as were those Indians, in an Immensity, a beautiful Immensity and into his being, too, flowed Strength, Beauty, Power, Tolerance, Understanding and that Peace which passeth all understanding.



Basket Weaving - Allegany
Reservation In New York



Seneca Children Play At
Cooking Corn Soup

From out of the second room came several Seneca women who, seeing that the men had risen and had begun to dance in a circle, joined that dance in a rhythmic pattern of their own. In and out of the men's circle moved these women, lithe, sinuous, graceful; beautiful expressions of poetry and motion - yes, and of life, birth, dawns, dreams and of Essence of all that religion can be and sometimes is. For here was worship as reverent and as spiritual as anything in any holy place.

Worship? Yes, but more than that, too. Here was a heart-warming, social solidarity. Here was a lovable group expression. Here were human beings who had kept alive the sources of individuality, entirely because they had kept their group interests and their group responsibilities alive! Here were humans who keenly realized an age-old dictum: "No man liveth by himself alone!" They, encouragingly enough, sensed that in direct proportion to participation in the

life of his group, does a person live most keenly, most deeply; does he really live at all!

It was midnight now. Farewells all around. The white man felt moved to say something: "Thank you! For one of the most moving and deepest experiences of my life. Don't ever lose the spirit of this evening. Pass it on to these young people here. Cherish this togetherness above all else for it ties you to what is beautiful and fine in the past and what is life-saving. It ties you to all that may come to you as Indians."

As he walked to his hotel under wintry stars, a happy smile suffused him. It was not really visible, but something quiet, warm and inner; a glow which was to be with him long afterwards. A phrase he had heard so many times since his arrival at the reservation insisted upon his attention: "The Senecas are done as Indians." He thought back to what had just happened, and he knew better. Done? No. Not ever. Certainly not so long as such meetings were possible: gatherings which so vitally released wells of life from all the centuries back of these Seneca people from the Dawn of Time even.

Amalgamation would go on, no doubt but not annihilation! These Senecas clearly needed help just as white men needed it and here New York State was doing a fine work and doing it with increasing effectiveness, expressing in some measure at least, an attempt on the part of decent white

people to make up for centuries of white man's dishonor and dishonesty toward Indians. He was glad that people like Dr. David Adie, keen, understanding and sympathetically scientific, were on the job! He remembered the effective achievements of Harry Hirsch and thought happily of the years of careful, thorough cooperative work of John Brennan; of the fine humanity of Helen Wayne, all of the New York State staff.

Amalgamation or no amalgamation, the Senecas were still vital as Indians. This was tremendously encouraging to the visitor who cherished individual racial expression, especially native racial expression as something particularly precious. Here was a challenge, too! In a warm poignant mood where thankfulness and exaltation mingled with determination, he walked into the Seneca night.

* * * * *

GREAT LAKES DELEGATION VISITS WASHINGTON

A delegation from the Great Lakes Agency in Ashland, Wisconsin, has been in the Washington Office on Reorganization, claims and other matters. Members of the delegation were:

Frank G. Smart and William Goslin from the Bad River Reservation in Odanah, Wisconsin; Frank Setter and John Kingfisher from the Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation in Reserve, Wisconsin; George W. Brown and Thomas L. St. Germaine from the Lac du Flambeau Reservation in Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin; John Thomas and Charles Cardinal from the L'Anse Reservation in L'Anse, Michigan; Mike J. Gordon from Red Cliff Reservation in Bayfield, Wisconsin; Herman E. Cameron from Bay Mills Mission Reserve in Brimley, Michigan; Henry Ritchie from the Wisconsin Potawatomes, Crandon, Wisconsin; Frank Eli from the Wisconsin Potawatomes in Harris-Wilson, Michigan; and John Lonestar from the St. Croix Band in Shell Lake, Wisconsin.

* * * * *

TONGUE RIVER REPRESENTATIVES IN WASHINGTON

The Tongue River delegation which visited Washington consisted of John Stands In Timber, John Black Wolf and Eugene Fisher. They took up various matters with the Washington Office Staff.

AMERICAN INDIAN PLANTS



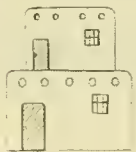
AMERICAN INDIAN PLANTS



Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan



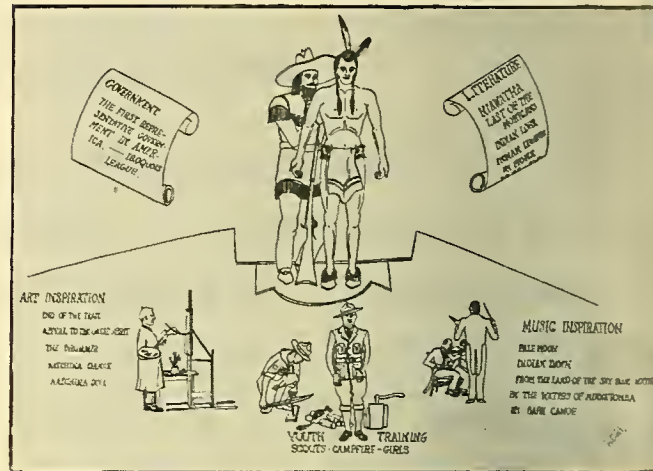
White House, Washington



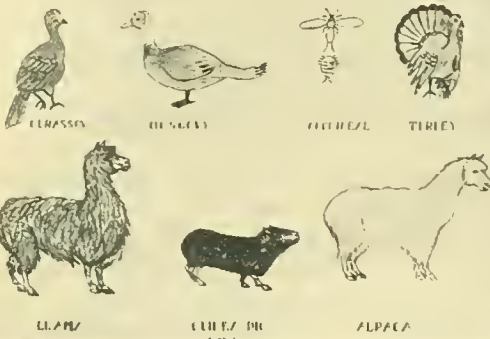
Lincoln Memorial, Washington



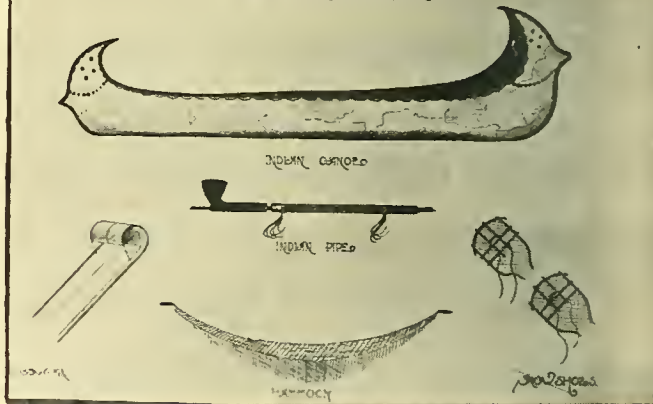
United States Capitol, Washington



ANIMALS DOMESTICATED BY AMERICAN INDIANS



AMERICAN INDIAN INVENTIONS



SOME THINGS THE INDIAN RACE HAS CONTRIBUTED TO WORLD CULTURE

Domestic animals, some important agricultural plants and a few of the ideas from Indian sources which have been adopted by other races. A unit done by the pupils in a social studies class at Santa Fe Indian School in New Mexico.

Photograph by T. Harmon Parkhurst

FORUM ON THE AMERICAN INDIAN AT INDIANAPOLIS

By Lawrence E. Lindley

The Forum on the American Indian as a special group associated with the National Conference of Social Work will have three meetings during the National Conference at Indianapolis.

The Forum was organized at the National Conference last year to continue the progress of the Committee on the American Indian of the National Conference of the past eight years.

The meetings scheduled for this year are as follows:

Thursday, May 27, 2:00 - 3:30 p. m. General topic, "Indian Economic Development." Walter V. Woehlke of the Indian Service, who has also worked with the Soil Conservation Service, will speak on "Soil Conservation and Human Needs." The discussion will be opened by C. C. Brooks, formerly of the faculty of the Colorado College of Agriculture and now Superintendent of the Navajo Methodist School at Farmington, New Mexico.

Thursday, May 27, 7:00 p. m. At this dinner meeting the Indians in attendance at the Conference will give short talks about their work. This is a custom which has been followed for several years.

Friday, May 28, 3:00 - 4:30 p. m. This meeting will be a panel discussion on the general subject of "Native Leadership." The opportunities for training and employment of Indian young people, follow-up work after placement and the needs for the future will be considered. Of those invited to be a part of the panel the following have accepted: Mrs. Ruth Muskrat Bronson, Office of Indian Affairs; Miss Bertha M. Eckert, National Y. W. C. A. Secretary for Indian Work; Miss Fay G. Webb, Employment Department, Oklahoma City Y. W. C. A.; and Dr. J. C. McCaskill, Assistant Director of Indian Education, Washington, D. C.

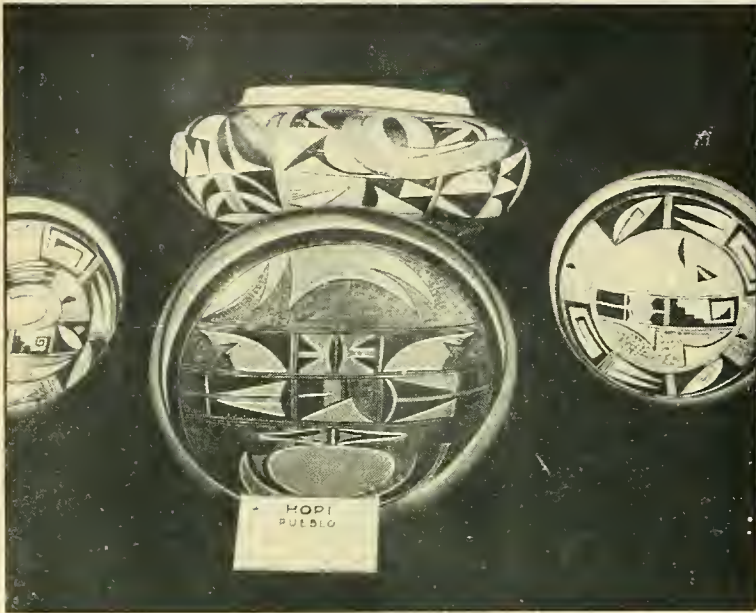
It is planned to allow time for questions and general discussions at all sessions.

On the program of the Case Work Section of the National Conference, May 27, 11:00 - 12:30, Dr. H. Scudder Mekeel of the Indian Office will speak on "Case Work with American Indians."

The work of the Forum on the American Indian is in charge of an Executive Committee of twenty in addition to the officers, who are Lawrence E. Lindley, Indian Rights Association, chairman; Mrs. Henry Roe Cloud, vice-chairman, and Father J. B. Tennelly, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Secretary-Treasurer.

HOPÍ ARTS AND CRAFTS

By Otto Lomavitu, Chairman, Hopi Tribal Council



Hopi Pottery By Nampeyo

The Hopi constitution and by-laws were signed by the Secretary of the Interior December 18, 1936. Under it a tribal council representing all the Hopi villages was formed in January. Our constitution gives as one of the powers of the council, the right "to protect the arts, crafts, traditions and ceremonies of the Hopi Indians." In this clause there is opened to the Hopis a way to future well-being if it is grasped and rightly made use of.

The Hopi people are like a nation surrounded by other nationalities foreign to them - foreign in government, custom, religion and

language as well as in arts and crafts. Now our precious inheritance is protected by the Indian Reorganization Act; this gives us confidence.

We should make it our aim to bring into harmony and unity the best elements in our civilization and those of our neighbors.

Even with our limited resources, I believe it is possible for our Hopi people to compete with other races of men. And are not our arts and crafts, which are an asset peculiar to us Hopis, a potential element in our progress? It seems to me that our place in the race of life will depend on our ability to improve and to perpetuate our resources, one of which is our craft inheritance. There is ready market for our manufactures, but because of the inferior quality of some of our work, its disposal at good prices is difficult. These exports can be expanded through improvement of our wares.

We have a high school at Kyaqotsmovi (Lower Oraibi) for general training; there something of both Hopi and European civilizations is taught. We can learn the arts and crafts and the techniques of other groups as well as our own and improve our products without destroying their individuality. We have our crafts materials here at hand. Our people are homogeneous, religious and intensely patriotic. We must take stock of our assets and move ahead.

NAMPEYO - FAMOUS HOPI POTTER



Photo By Frashers , Pomona, California

GRAND PORTAGE

By Grace Lee Nute - Curator of Manuscripts

Minnesota Historical Society



Grand Portage As It Is Today

The tourist who motors today along Minnesota's North Shore Drive on Lake Superior between hills on one side and an apparent ocean on the other comes eventually to a terminus at Grand Portage. It is a sleepy Indian village climbing the gentle, lower slopes of Mount Rose. Today its beautiful setting attracts the wayfarer: Mount Rose behind the village, Mount Josephine shutting it off from the east beyond the bay, Grand Portage Island guarding its entrance from the storms of the lake and Hat Point jutting far into the waters of Gitchee Goomee. Forests, hills, water, good fishing, Indians, peace and the songs of birds that are rarely heard south of the border - these are some of Grand Portage's assets today.

But let us go back in history, approximately a hundred and fifty years. Then Grand Portage was an important spot on the map of North America. St. Paul, Chicago and St. Louis were not to be found on it, but Grand Portage was there, clearly marked. Why was Grand Portage so important in 1790 and almost forgotten in 1937?

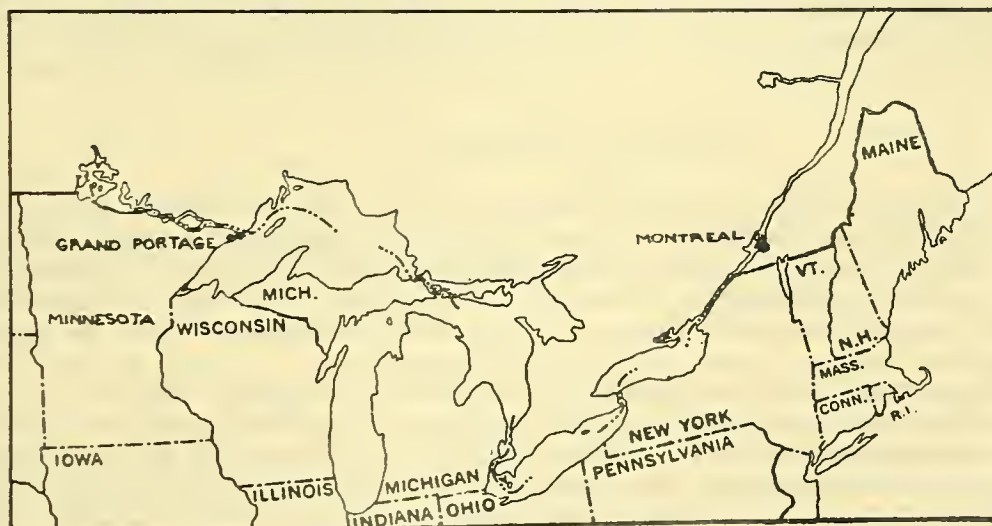
The Great Carrying Place

Its very name suggests the answer. The French-Canadian fur traders named it le grand portage - the great carrying place for canoes - and it meant to them the longest portage but one on their usual route from Montreal to the Rockies, as well as the spot where canoe travel changed. Up to this point large canoes could travel, carrying immense loads of trade goods and voyageurs from Montreal by way of the Ottawa River and the Great Lakes. Beyond Grand Portage, after eight long miles of overland "carrying" around the rapids, other types of canoes, food, dress and travel methods were employed. Naturally, therefore, a big depot, or fort, grew up on the lake end of the portage. It took its name just as naturally and became Grand Portage.

The exact date of its establishment is not known. In 1750 the first trading licenses were made out to "le grand portage", although the great French explorer, La Vérendrye, had used the portage many years before. The region was still in 1750 a part of New France and the licenses were French ones. By 1767, when Jonathan Carver, a Colonial explorer, visited Grand Portage, the French had lost Canada and the traders to the region were British with British licenses. Still there was no trading post - at least Carver makes no reference to one.

A Great Trading Depot Arises In The Wilderness

Sometime between Carver's visit and the year 1793 a large depot was built at Grand Portage. The owners were the partners of the Great Northwest Company which had been forming in the period of the American war of independence. The company had headquarters at Montreal but unlike their great rivals, the Hudson's Bay Company, they had no governor or other definite executive agent. One or more of the partners, however, resided at Grand Portage and managed its trade and personnel as a governor would have done. A smaller establishment, Fort Charlotte, was built at the Pigeon River end of the long portage and its executive officer in 1793 was actually called "Governor" Ross, because, it was said, he had held his position for so long.



Montreal To Grand Portage - Eighteen Hundred Miles By Canoe

Eighteen Hundred Miles By Canoe

This fort at Grand Portage was the end of the annual canoe journey of one type of voyageurs, "the pork eaters", and the beginning of the hardships of another, "the winterers." The pork eaters were the greenhorns of the fur trade - the men who had never been beyond Grand Portage. They left Montreal in the late spring in great birch bark canoes that rode deep in the water, so heavily were they laden with blankets, guns and other trade goods. Ten to fourteen men were required to paddle such a craft. The canoes passed up the Ottawa River and one of its western branches, through Lake Nipissing, across Georgian Bay and were portaged around Sault Ste. Marie.

By July they might have been espied from the air, hugging the Rocky north shore of Lake Superior as they approached Grand Portage. Before Hat Point was turned these voyageurs must prepare for the grand flourish with which every canoe was expected to enter the bay and approach the fort. On some rocky point the men doffed their workaday clothes and donned the colorful dress of voyageurs. Most noticeable in that garb was the bright sash that encircled the waist several times and was knotted on one side so as to fall in long fringes well toward the knees. If the weather was cold, as it usually was in the early northern summer, the sash was tied outside the great capote, whose hood was a boon when clouds of mosquitoes attacked the hard working paddlers or when snow squalls made them shiver. Bathed, shaven and tricked out in holiday dress, the voyageurs entered their canoes once more and came up the bay swinging red-bladed paddles, a stroke every second, and chanting one of their canoe songs: "A la claire fontaine", or "En roulant", or "La belle Rose", or any other of their extensive repertoire.

Thus with song and acclaim a whole brigade of canoes would sweep up the bay and deposit their men and goods. As canoe after canoe arrived from the lake side of the fort, bronzed, lithe figures topped with Nor'westers' plumes might descend from the other side. These were the hivernants, the winterers who had passed at least one season in the great spaces of the fur trade beyond Grand Portage and were now returning with their furs to get more trade goods for another season. Only Nor'westers might wear plumes.

The Peak Of The Year

So Grand Portage in early summer was full of gay French chatter as news from Montreal was exchanged for the gossip of forts on scores of western streams in forests and prairies stretching out toward the Pacific Ocean. Over a thousand men were congregated. The pork eaters slept in the camp outside the stockade under overturned canoes as they were accustomed to do en route. The Nor'westers, however, set up tents of varying size, pitched so that the creek separated them here as elsewhere from the pork eaters. The clerks and partners who had also arrived from east and west in the brigades were given hospitality in the fort proper. A convivial air pervaded the whole establishment. Dances were frequent in the evenings where partners were Indian women or half-blood daughters of earlier voyageurs and traders. Feasts, where even

milk and butter from the fort's herd were served, tickled the palates of men who had often faced starvation during the preceding winter in isolated posts and who had lived for twelve months on what the wilderness could provide. There was strong drink, talk, arguments, fights.

But there was also work to be done. Canoes must be mended for the homeward journey; furs must be baled in the great press and tied up in ninety-pound parcels; the long Montreal canoes must be exchanged for smaller, north canoes for the men going into the interior; and, finally, the goods and canoes for the interior must be carried over the long portage and started on their western journeys. Six livres in currency was paid for every piece carried over the portage.

Meanwhile serious business occupied clerks and partners within the great hall. The annual meeting was held. Assignments of territories, jobs and assistants were made and policies were considered or discarded.

A few years later, about 1797, the X Y Company also established a fort at Grand Portage, about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Northwest Company's post and beyond the camp of the pork eaters. It, too, was stockaded and built on much the same plan as the older establishment, though on a smaller scale.

Famous traders and explorers who are known to have visited the Grand Portage fort include Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Peter Pond, Count Paolo Andreani, David Thompson and Dr. John McLoughlin.

The Great Trading Place Declines

Grand Portage's glory was not for long. About 1800 it was learned that the post lay within the boundaries of the United States. The Northwest and X Y Companies combined in 1804. Between 1801 and 1804 a new post, Fort William, known to be within Canadian territory to the northeast of the old site, was substituted for Grand Portage. Less than twenty years later hardly a vestige could be seen of the old buildings and stockades at Grand Portage, as David Thompson found when he revisited the scene of his earlier activities in 1822. So quickly does a wilderness obliterate man's vaunted improvements. Only in 1936 when picks and spades had opened up the site again was it certain just where lines of pickets had run, where gates had been and how the general outline of the Northwest Company's post had been established. The portage path was less difficult to locate, for it had been so worn down by thousands of toiling voyageur feet that it is obvious even today.

Indians, however, continued to live in or near the vicinity of the old portage; occasional canoe parties passed over it; the international boundary was run close to it in 1822 and 1823; Lieutenant Bayfield visited it and mapped the bay in 1823 and 1825; and American traders spent a winter now and again in its vicinity, despite an agreement to the contrary between

the American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, in effect from 1833 to 1847. A more legitimate activity of the American Fur Company was its fishing venture at Grand Portage in the late thirties, part of the grandiose scheme for making money from Lake Superior's unexcelled fish. Several build-ings were established and for a few years an ex-trader, Pierre Cote, made the forests resound to the hammers of his coopers and the songs of his net-makers. But the effects of the panic of 1837 reached even to this isolated spot and stilled the hammers and rotted the nets.

Missionaries Leave Valuable Records

Meanwhile the missionary had arrived, as the normal course of events on an American frontier would lead one to anticipate. The fur traders, fish-ermen and missionaries were seldom far apart in the occupation of an American frontier. The earliest known missionary at Grand Portage was a French-Cana-dian priest, Father Antoine Tabeau, who was conducting a mission at Fort Wil-liam in the summer of 1818. From thence he, with one of the McGillivrays of the Northwest Company, made a short visit "to the old Grand Portage, sixteen leagues from here on Lake Superior." He gives no description of his trip nor of what he saw there.

One of the "saltiest" of the whole clan of missionaries did the pioneer work at Grand Portage. Franz Pierz, known for his horticultural ex-periments of many years' standing in his native Austria, left his gardens and orchards in 1835 to answer to the Macedonian call of his countryman, the Reverend Friedrich Baraga, and went to join the latter in his mission field in the wilds of the Lake Michigan region. Thence Father Pierz went to Lake Superior and in 1835 was building a mission establishment at Grand Portage. How Grand Portage appeared to a cultivated European in 1835 may be gathered from the following extract from Father Pierz's letter written from his sta-tion there on December 3, 1838:

"Grand Portage, my present mission post, is the most beautiful and, since earliest times, the most famous spot on the north shore of Lake Superior. It has a good harbor for landing and good fishing. The soil is well adapted to farming, but thus far has not been used for that purpose. I have made a beginning of agriculture by laying out a beautiful kitchen garden, a large cultivated field and a little nursery planted with fruit seeds from Carniola. ... My house for the present is a small cabin of huge unhewn logs, chinked on the outside with mud plaster and whitewashed on the inside with white earth. It is provided with windows and a stone fireplace ... My church is made of cedar bark, thirty feet wide and forty feet long and displays real workmanship."

Pierz was just feeling the pleasure of success among his flock where he also had a promising school, when orders to return to his erstwhile post came to dishearten both him and the natives. After his departure, late in 1839, there was a period of about six years when most of the mission work was itinerant, the triad of Slovenian priests, Friedrich Baraga, Otto Skolla and

and Franz Pierz, visiting the post and staying as long as possible. In 1842 Pierz was back long enough to start a mission on Pigeon River, where he also started an orchard, planted gardens and kept stock and poultry. On September 1, 1846, Father Skolla described the place thus:

"Grand Portage is on the bay of Lake Superior. The position of this place is very pleasant, the ground fruitful and level, although surrounded by rather high mountains. A great deal of black slate is found here and in many places a sort of white earth which was used for filling the crevices between the logs while there were houses here. At present there are no houses, only poor Indian huts. The number of savages is about eighty, including children. They live very meagerly ... Six miles from Grand Portage is Pigeon River, a very wild spot between two thick forests ... I visited that place also. Here several years ago the honorable Mr. Pierz had begun a church which is still without a roof ... Besides the church ... Mr. Pierz had built a small house of one room and another building where church supplies were kept. The soil is much better and more productive here than in Grand Portage."



Eastern Portion Of Pigeon Point
Showing Susie Islands

From July, 1848, until the summer of 1849 the Pigeon River Mission was in charge of the Jesuits under Father Pierre Chone, Father Nicolas Fremiot and Brother de Pooter. A cabin was built, a school was maintained and divine services were held. After 1849 and till at least 1864 Grand Portage was visited by missionaries from Fort William. About 1855 a Catholic School was opened under Eugene Benoit and shortly the government built a schoolhouse.

The new school was maintained by the government because of the fact that an Indian reservation had been established at Grand Portage after the United States had purchased the triangle north of Lake Superior from the

Chippewa in 1854. Late in the nineteenth century this reservation was broken up.

Site Of Old Post Excavated

Great interest has developed of recent years in the possible reconstruction of the old post and steps have already been taken by the Indian Service and the Minnesota Historical Society with Federal Government aid to lay a firm foundation for reconstruction through adequate excavation under the direction of competent archaeologists. The story of those excavations will be told later.*

* An article by Ralph D. Brown, of the Minnesota Historical Society, on the excavation of the old post at Grand Portage, will follow in an early issue.

* * * * *

CAN YOU SEE THIS WIND?



Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota



"The wind up on top of Eagles' Nest Butte would flap a log chain," said Vance Tribbett, in charge of building a lookout tower there for "spotting" prairie fires.

"We don't believe it," said, or implied, his coworkers. "Look at these then," said Mr. Tribbett, producing the pictures in the center and right-hand side of this page.

The picture on the left shows a shovel-ful of dirt leaving Vincent Bad Wound's shovel in the work on the lookout tower.

I.E.C.W. IN MONUMENT VALLEY, NAVAJO AGENCY, ARIZONA

By Fred M. Goldsworthy, Trail Locator



Stock Water Reservoir With Protecting Fence

Far in the north of Arizona and extending into Utah, one hundred and sixty miles from a railroad and nearly as far from a highway, is Monument Valley, the most remote and inaccessible large region in the United States. This area, comprising 1,451,000 acres, or 2270 square miles, has but one telephone line and two secondary roads - those from Tuba City to Shiprock and from Gallup to Bluff, Utah. The population of 1600 Indians - 220 families - is concentrated in two centers - Kayenta and Dennehotso, at which centers the Government has established day schools.

Water Development Of Prime Importance

development is of prime importance. During the early part of the winter, Emergency Conservation Work on the Navajo was engaged in developing the and November, Emergency Conservation Work has been engaged in developing the region for more profitable utilization of the range resources. The most important type of work in this area comes under the classification of water development. Part of the area is excellent grazing land, but due to the fact that there is not sufficient water for stock, it is little used. On the other hand, grazing land with water developments previously completed tends to become overgrazed. It is thought that with this additional water, new land will be opened for stock.

Three windmill installations had been completed by the end of the year, two with water troughs. The third windmill installation included a fifty-thousand gallon steel rim storage tank. It is within 15 miles of Kayenta

near the Chilchinbeto road, in a flat rolling country, which promises to be excellent grazing land. This work is permanent and will be a benefit to the Navajos of this region.

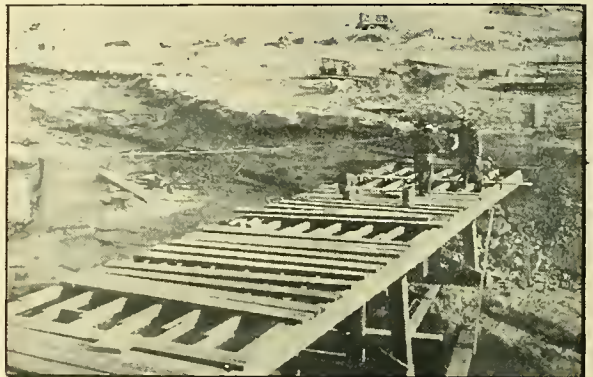
Truck And Stock Trails Have Been Built

About twenty-five miles of truck trail have been reworked. In one case a new six-mile stretch was made in order to avoid crossing a wash five times. The total length was cut nearly a mile in this short distance. On the road from Kayenta towards Utah many sharp curves have been removed and sandy stretches have been, to a large extent, removed by this additional work. Many small wooden culverts were installed along this trail. Although the culverts took a great deal of time to build and place, they help to make the road more secure during rainy weather. A more satisfactory road has thus been made. Repairing of roads over which there is much traffic is a definite saving - especially to equipment.

Some stock trails have been built to enable stock to reach water. In one particular case the spring and troughs had been so located that stock from down the valley could water easily, but any stock coming from up the valley were confronted by a cliff, a death-trap, before they could reach the water. A stock trail has now been made so that the stock can easily get to the water which is so near. Other stock trails open more grazing land for the stock. This type of work is appreciated by the Indians because they can see the improvement, the change and the advantage of the new over the old.

Treacherous Laguna Wash Bridged

One of the most beneficial projects completed in this region is the timber bent bridge over the Laguna Wash, one mile north of Kayenta. This wash has been a source of constant worry to travelers and traders as well as to the Indians. The approaches to the old rock crossing were extremely steep and the crossing itself was mean even in fair weather. After a rain, none attempted to cross but would wait, perhaps one or two days, for the wash to lower, in order to cross safely. Some few adventurous travelers in the past have attempted a crossing during high water. Practically without exception they have been rewarded by the loss of car or wagon. Squire Mangum, former stockman in this district, was among those losing a car and just before the bridge was completed, a Navajo saw his wagon float downstream while he struggled to the bank with a few broken ribs



North Bank In Rock Project 104-8-10

The site for the bridge was chosen in September and work began on the tenth of October. Thirty days later the bridge was completed. The bridge is of U. S. Indian Service Timber Bent design. It has four twenty-foot spans, making the total length eighty feet. Much difficulty was encountered in pouring concrete foundations as there were six or seven feet of quicksand above the rock bottom. Sheet piling was driven, quicksand excavated, holes drilled in the rock bottom, dowel pins set and concrete poured in each of the three large foundations. This was the hardest part of the work and when completed the bridge progressed rapidly.

At first the Indians had some trouble in understanding the new tools and the new ways of doing things, but as time went on they began to see the main object of all the preliminaries. Some were inclined to be doubtful as to the length of time the bridge would withstand the flood waters of the Laguna Wash, but as they saw the rough heavy timbers and careful workmanship going into the bridge, they gradually changed their views. Now, those who worked on the bridge do not hesitate to make the fact known and they seem to feel, and rightly, that they have contributed something for the good of Kayenta and the nearby country.

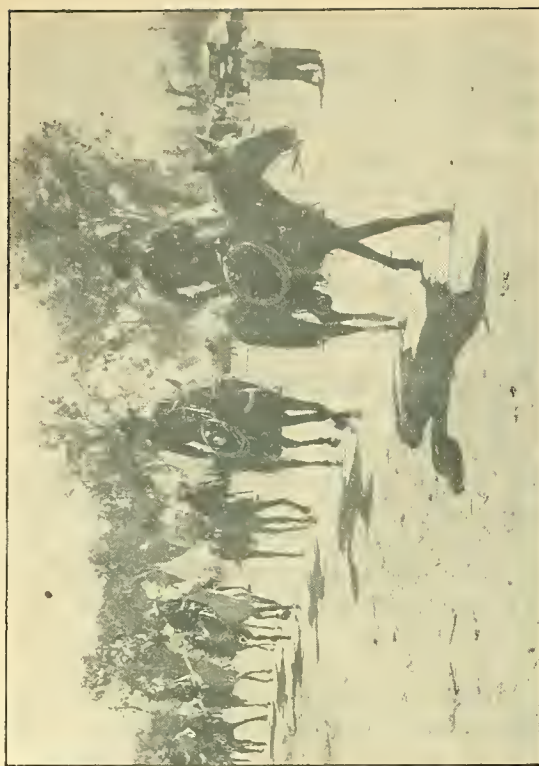
The approaches presented quite a problem. On the south side, nearly two thousand cubic yards of earth were moved to make an easy grade from the bridge. On the north side some two hundred and thirty cubic yards of rock were removed. Several cases of dynamite were used to accomplish this. This bridge as it now stands is a goodly sight. The traffic over it is amazingly heavy for this region.

* * * * *



The New Bridge Over Laguna Wash Will Help To
Prevent Quicksand Accidents Like This.

SCENES FROM THE CROW FAIR



FINE HORSES - PRIDE OF THE CROWS

As Told By Superintendent Robert Yellowtail, Crow Agency, Montana

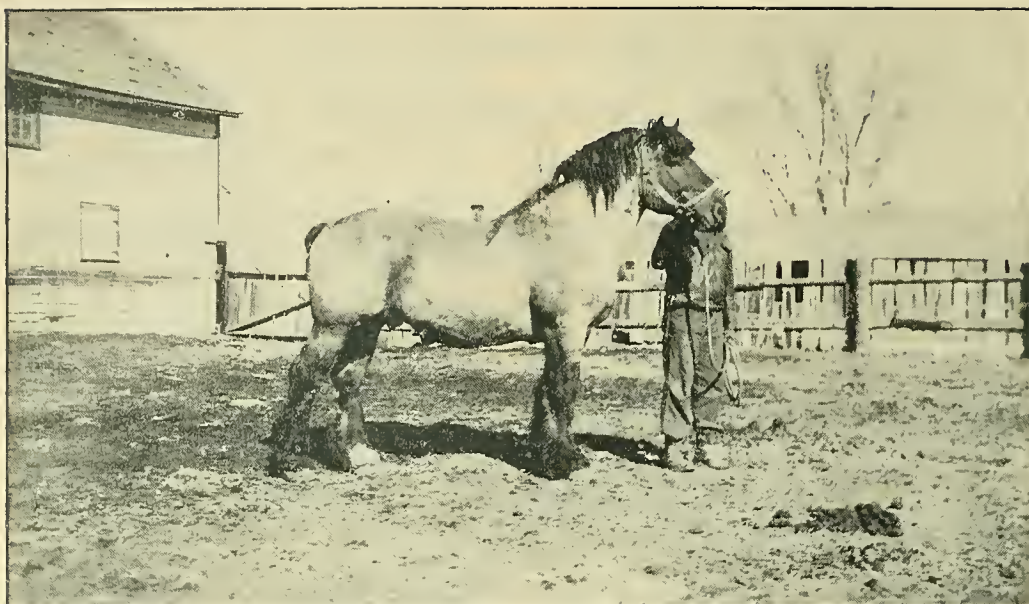


Ready For The Cattle Round-Up

The Crow Indians of Montana, from early days, were noted for their fine horses and expert horsemanship. Early observers, such as Maximilian, Lewis and Clark and George Catlin, have all commented in their memoirs upon this phase of Crow life and history.

The original Crow horses came, of course, from the descendants of the horses brought by the Spanish to the Southwest. The Crows added to their stock in frontier days by capturing horses from the Sioux and other tribes, who in turn raided the herds of Federal military encampments. From the officers' mounts they obtained some of the best thoroughbred strains from the Kentucky country.

In the pre-reservation days the Crows' Indian neighbors - the Bloods and Blackfeet on the North, the Sioux and Cheyennes on the East and the Shoshones, Bannocks and Flatheads to the Southwest, Northwest and West - paid them the compliment of making periodic raids for the superior Crow horses. Their particular objectives were the spectacular pinto ponies and the fast buffalo-chase horses in which the Crows took particular pride. These were usually kept herded close to camp or picketed at night to the tepee poles; especially valuable and cherished horses, in fact, were tied to the owner's leg at night for safekeeping.



Belgian Stallion

Today Superintendent Yellowtail and the Agency staff are stressing the continued development of fine horses for the Crow people - not only fine horses but those breeds best suited to the Crow country and its needs.

At the present time there are at the Crow Agency six highly-bred registered stallions. Two are racing stallions, one of which once ran second in the Kentucky Derby. There is also a fine registered Morgan stallion, heading a herd of 36 registered Morgan mares, individually owned by various Crow Indians. Crossing the Morgan horse, which is heavily-muscled, powerful and with a gentle disposition, with the native western mares makes for a superb cow-pony. "Thoroughbreds are not the best for riding herd," said Superintendent Yellowtail. "They are hot-tempered and once they get heated up there's no stopping them; they want to go until they drop. For a good cow-pony you want a horse that is sensible and tough, quick on his feet and easily handled."

With a view to improving the reservation's draft animals, two Belgian stallions of a beautiful strawberry-roan color and a fine Shire stallion - all of them blue-ribbon horses in their class and breed - were purchased in Canada. In addition to these stallions, 40 head of high-grade Percheron mares, many of which are purebreds, were purchased last summer by the superintendent and resold to the Crows under the reimbursable plan.

In 1920, a tribal fund of \$50,000 was set aside by the Crows as the capital stock of a tribal bank. This fund has proven invaluable - not

only for the purchase of live stock, but for farming implements, home building materials and countless other needs. All of the animals told about here were paid for from this revolving loan fund. The stallions described above have cost the Crows, according to Superintendent Yellowtail, not over 44 cents per capita. With the fine breeding stock they now possess and supported by their reimbursable fund, Crow horses, says Superintendent Yellowtail, are going to make horse history in Montana.

Something of the Crows' feeling for horses was expressed by one of the Crow delegates who was in Washington not long ago.

"Fine horses meant everything to us Crows - they still do," he said. "It was like this: you wanted good horses for yourself, and not only that, you wanted them for your relatives too, because you want your relatives to have things as nice as you do. And to get good horses, you used to steal them from other tribes or from the whites. I guess the Crows were about the best horse-choosers and stealers in that part of the country; at least we think we were. It wasn't the same as stealing is now, you understand; it was an honorable thing to do - it was like war. We don't steal horses anymore, but we sure still like them. We Crows like to feel we are riding the best and that all our relatives and friends are riding the best too. That feeling goes even for automobiles. But a beautiful horse is the best."

(Photograph on page 37 by G. Buckner.)



Morgan Stallion

FORT HALL EMERGENCY CONSERVATION WORK UNDERTAKES VARIED PROGRAM

By C. B. Garrett, Project Manager

E.C.W. accomplishments at Fort Hall, Idaho, include:

Construction of guard stations, which will be used in range control work.

Three overnight log cabins. Indians who camp while getting out wood now have permanent and sanitary camp grounds.

A garage, warehouse and cottage for the project manager at the agency.

Telephone lines. Fifty-seven miles of them.

Boundary and drift fences. 190 miles - dividing cattle and sheep range and spring and summer range.

Development of 75 springs.

Wells, windmills, troughs and storage tanks built.

One hundred and six miles of truck trail constructed or reconstructed.

Irrigation work, including the cleaning of fifteen miles of ditch banks, installation of six checks on Little Indian and twelve head gates on the Bannock Creek ditches.

The sowing of new grasses. This work, particularly, should prove of great value in the future. Six thousand acres were sown with crested wheat and sand grass and nine thousand pounds of yellow and white sweet clover were widely sown on the Fort Hall Bottoms. These areas were not completely sown; just sufficient seed was put out to establish mother plants.

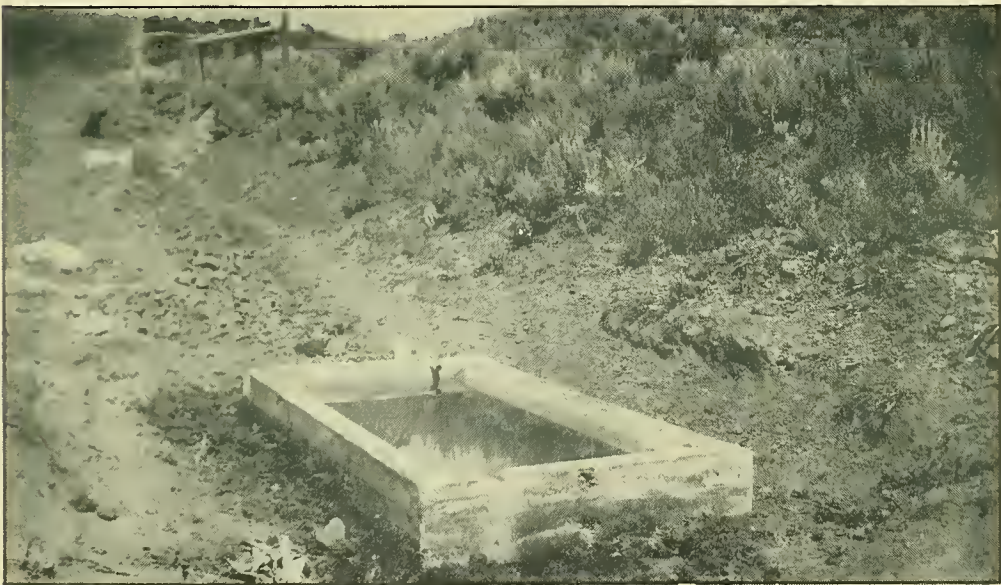
Projects carried out under the Biological Survey have included the taking of seven hundred coyotes, also 30,000 magpies, and the treating of 250,000 acres with poison grain for rodents. 50,000 acres have been treated with poison and trapped for gophers.

Miscellaneous projects have included the treating of 100,000 acres with arsenite to combat Mormon crickets, 200 man-days expended fighting grass and brush fires, 1400 man-days spent by line riders checking trespass and crossing stock, the installation of four dams for the purpose of raising fish on Fort Hall Bottoms, the planting of ten acres of hardwoods on Fort Hall Bottoms and the establishment of demonstration plots.

E. C. W. AT FORT HALL AGENCY, IDAHO



Crew Dusting Mormon Crickets With Sodium Arsenate



Water Development



(Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.)

NEW STUDY OF NAVAJO SITUATION ISSUED

The National Association on Indian Affairs and the American Indian Defense Association have issued, jointly, a 30-page bulletin, "The Navajos and the Land." The text is by Moris Burge, Field Representative of the National Association on Indian Affairs, with a foreword by Oliver La Farge, President of the Association. It is a clear and dispassionate appraisal of the Navajo land problem and the government's part in its solution. The criticisms are just; the figures quoted are accurate. The bulletin makes enlightening reading.

A few quotations:

"For many reasons the Navajos are in the public eye. The largest tribe of Indians in the United States of America, with a population of approximately 45,000, they lead a colorful and primitive existence on vast stretches of high desert and mountain in New Mexico and Arizona, ranging in altitude from 5,000 to 10,000 feet. For a living they depend almost entirely on herds of sheep and goats, agricultural products and a small income from weaving, silversmithing and wages."

* * * * *

"Briefly, the Indian Service on the Navajo Reservation is faced with the major problem of maintaining and improving the present economic state of the Navajo nation, in spite of an increasing population and limited natural resources. There is little hope of extending the present boundaries beyond the proposed line in New Mexico, the land at present at the disposal of the Navajos is extremely poor, water for farming and stock is scarce and uncertain and the range has deteriorated through overgrazing and erosion. It is a desperate situation, calling for the cooperation and help of everyone interested in this virile and upstanding tribe."

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Mr. Burge then gives a brief resume of the early extensions of the reservation, its unplanned development and the growing recognition, during the previous administration, of the need for drastic action, finally undertaken during the present administration.

He cites the difficulties which faced the carrying out of a definite program: the hostility of the larger Navajo stock owners, the general resentment against stock reduction, the opposition of white interests. He emphasizes the stringent need for stock reduction, never admitted by some outside critics. "Actually," he says, "the reduction of live stock on the Navajo Reservation has been entirely inadequate and the ranges are still seriously overstocked." He criticizes early reduction methods: the use of a percentage basis in reduction as working hardship on the small owners and leaving the large owners

practically unscathed; and the subsequently blasted confidence that the New Mexico Boundary Bill would be passed after stock reductions had been made.

"No one really informed on the administration of the Navajos during the past four years will deny that there have been mistakes and confusion. The change from the six agencies to the central administration plant at Window Rock, the start of the Emergency Conservation Work, the introduction of the Soil Conservation Service and the start of the Day School Program, all were marked with blunders, sometimes of a serious nature. Most of the mistakes can be traced to the unavoidable haste with which these projects were begun, due to the limited time in which the money had to be spent. During the first few months of the Emergency Conservation Work, when plans were half-formed, authority divided and the reservation showered with people full of new theories on Indian life, many serious observers believed that the Navajos would have been better off if the money had never been spent. The confusion caused by the first efforts to establish day schools caused serious opposition from all sides and jeopardized the future of this important change in the Navajo educational system."

* * * * *

The development of the present centralized administration and the land management plan for the Navajos are discussed in some detail and in general endorsed:

"The basic theory behind the new administrative plan, the centralization under one man of all policies affecting the Navajos with adequate field staff to look to the needs of the Indians, and the control of all branches of the Indian Service working with the Navajos, is unquestionably sound, but it will take years of patient work before it is firmly established. It is hard to change the customs of any people, Indians perhaps more than whites, and the Navajos have regarded their local superintendent as their contact with Washington and the government since Fort Defiance Agency was first established in 1869."

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"Under Superintendent Fryer, district supervisors have been appointed to the eighteen Land Management Areas (described on the next page), who will work under the direction of the Central Agency. Although the duties of these supervisors have been limited to land management matters, they will relieve much of the pressure on the superintendent and fill the pressing need for men with authority in the field. The limited areas that they will have to cover will enable them to know conditions of both the Indians and the land in a way that was impossible under the jurisdictional system. The policies for the entire reservation will be determined at the Central Agency and put into effect by these district supervisors who will be in direct contact with the Indians. This system should eliminate not only the confusion of policies which has existed in the past, but also the tendency to neglect the Navajos in outlying districts. We were interested in the type of men picked for these important positions. We found without exception that they are practical men with experience in the field and a record of successful dealings with Indians.

"The present administration has been accused of wiping out the Navajos' source of life and bringing them to poverty and distress. In a few cases mistaken zeal has caused hardships, but these are a few isolated exceptions."

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"Policy on the Navajo Reservation affecting the economic life of the Indians and their use of the land is guided almost entirely by the Land Management Division of the Navajo Service."

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"Members of the Soil Conservation and Indian Services concerned with this problem in the Land Management Division of the Navajo Service, with headquarters at Window Rock under Dr. W. G. McGinnies as director. The Division is under the General Superintendent of the Navajos, and Dr. McGinnies is also responsible to the Soil Conservation Service headquarters in Albuquerque. All activities affecting the land are handled by this Division. The fusion of the two Services and the establishment of the General Superintendent's control have been important steps in the development of the Navajo administration and have eliminated one of the major sources of trouble during the past few years."

* * * * *

"As a preliminary step in the tremendous task of compiling detailed information on the Navajos' resources, the Land Management Division undertook a general survey of the entire reservation. This was done through trained technical men. Maps were compiled to show the necessary data and to have a more accurate base map for this work an aerial survey was made covering 16,500,000 acres. When this step in the work was completed, the reservation was divided into eighteen areas which were determined by natural boundaries such as watersheds, mountain ranges, wide canyons and other physical barriers. The use of the land by the Indians in the past and the grouping of the population were also taken into consideration. An estimate of the population was made through the Chapters, local organizations developed during the Rhoads administration and the result was an approximate figure of 47,000.

"An intensive study of each of these areas is now being made which when completed will give reliable, factual information on the economic life of the Navajo, the possible development of his resources and the adjustments that will be necessary if he is to continue to exist on the reservation. To compile this information a field party will work for several months in each area. This party includes men trained in the study of Agronomy, Sociology, Forestry, Range Management, Irrigation and Engineering. A definite schedule has been formulated by the heads of the Land Management Division which is to be closely followed by the field party. This will not only eliminate irrelevant information, but also ensure a fairly consistent approach to the various problems which will arise. It will also greatly simplify the organization of the material when it is complete."

Passage of the Boundary Bill is urged. The report concludes:

"Work on the reservation in the past has been inconsistent and at times harmful to both the Indian and his land. With the new administrative organization and the material gathered by the Land Management Division, an intelligent and comprehensive plan for the development of the Navajo Reservation can be formulated. This plan will not be put into effect in a short while, but will be the result of continuous and consistent work on the part of the Indian Service and Indians for years to come. Plans will undoubtedly be modified and changed as the work progresses but there will be a definite, basic policy behind all work dealing with land use and the economic life of the Navajo. At the present time the government is spending vast sums of money on the Navajo Reservation and it is impossible to contemplate an indefinite continuation of this expenditure. The Navajos must gradually take over the responsibility of using their land in an intelligent manner and cease the present destruction of the very fibre of their economic existence."

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The price of the bulletin is twenty-five cents. Copies may be obtained from the central office of the National Association on Indian Affairs at 120 East 57th Street, New York City, N. Y.

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THREAT TO SENECA LAND AVERTED

The grave peril to the Seneca Indians in New York threatened by the proposed construction of a large flood-control dam on the Allegheny River below Salamanca has been averted for the time being at least. That dam, if built, would blot out forever, practically all lands of any value for Indian home sites or other domestic purposes within the Allegany Indian Reservation. These lands constitute practically the last remnant of a princely domain, once owned and occupied by the powerful Seneca Tribe, a component of the famed Iroquois League which the white man shortly learned both to fear and respect after landing on the shores of the American continent.

Naturally and most justly, the Indians are bitterly opposed to yielding up to the insatiable desires for progress on the part of the white man practically the last vista of possessions cherished from time immemorial by a sturdy, independent, self-respecting people. Colonial history is replete with the names of famous Seneca chiefs such as Red Jacket, Cornplanter and others.

Recent developments indicate that the damage from flood waters occurring at Pittsburgh and elsewhere along the Allegheny River can successfully be taken care of by construction of suitable check and impounding dams elsewhere than shortly below Salamanca, resulting in the flooding of no lands belonging to the Indians. This will prove a happy solution to the Indian as well as to the white man.

J. P. KINNEY OF I.E.C.W. STAFF WRITES HISTORY OF INDIAN LAND TENURE

By Allan G. Harper, Field Representative in Charge of Indian Organization

A CONTINENT LOST -- A CIVILIZATION WON - By J. P. Kinney
The Johns Hopkins Press - Baltimore, 1937. \$4.00

With infinite pains, Mr. J. P. Kinney has undertaken the enormous task of spading over the mountainous mass of statutes, government reports, treaties and other contemporary documents to put together a consecutive history of Indian land tenure from the earliest times to the present day. By a generous use of pertinent extracts from these sources, he has largely allowed the chief actors in the drama to unfold their own story. The net result is to add a very worth-while study to the literature on the Indian land question.

Fully half of the text is devoted to a consideration of the all-important subject of land allotment. Mr. Kinney's research into the early origins of the concept of individualizing Indian land holdings carries the story into the more remote past than did the fine study of Mr. D. S. Otis, made in 1934. We learn, for example, that its first expression goes back as far as 1633 when the General Court (legislature) of Massachusetts invited Indians to come to the English plantations, lead civil and orderly lives and have "allotments amongst the English, according to the custom of the English in like case." Mr. Kinney's book is also a more comprehensive treatment of the development of the allotment policy in the first part of the nineteenth century. As he shows exhaustively, there had been a very considerable experimentation with land in severalty before it was universally applied to all Indian lands by the General Allotment Act of 1887.

One wishes that Mr. Kinney had analyzed these earlier experiments with a more quantitative test of their success. In fact, they met with no such success as to have warranted the enactment of the allotment law as the foundation stone of the government's land policy. The complete story of what happened to the land holdings of the tribes which were allotted before 1887 has yet to be written.

It must be remembered that the American Indian tribes, when first brought into contact with European civilization, had not developed any concepts of individual land ownership. They had no concept of individual inheritance of land. They had no concept of selling or conveying title to land. There was an almost mystical attachment to the soil of their homeland. "The sun is my father and the earth my mother," said Tecumseh to Harrison. That allotment faltered and failed from the beginning comes as no surprise to those who have comprehended the persistent influence of such hardy racial condition-

ings. This is not to say that land in severalty has never been successful; nor that it will never be successful. But it is plain that the radical exponents of allotment have pursued, to the Indians' detriment, a doctrinaire philosophy without taking these cultural factors into consideration. Not until 1934, with the enactment of the Indian Reorganization Act, did the government take cognizance of the almost unbroken record of failure and of the shocking loss of land and social dislocation which allotment entailed.

In one sense, we never can have a complete and unbiased statement of the Indian land question, around which most of Indian history has taken place, because we never can have an unquestioned record of what the Indians themselves thought and believed. The records we have to work with are the white man's records and all we can do is to speculate on what was going on in the Indians' minds. The Indians are in a like case to that of the Southerner whose history was once almost wholly written by New Englanders. The ledger of Indian-white relationships, the wrongs and good deeds of both, have unfortunately been kept by one of the parties concerned.

None of these remarks is intended to detract from the able and careful study which Mr. Kinney has produced. It should become a valuable source of information and reference to all those who would understand present-day problems related to Indian lands.

* * * * *

FATHER GAGNIEUR, WORKER FOR HALF-CENTURY AMONG CHIPPEWAS, DIES

The Reverend Father William Francis Gagnieur, beloved Jesuit priest, who worked among the Great Lakes Indians for some fifty years, died in February at the age of seventy-nine.

He was not only a devoted priest and missionary but an accomplished student of Indian languages which he has helped to record phonographically.

Part of his epitaph reads:

"This beloved Priest, dear to the northern Indian tribes and white men and women alike who knew him, was the last of the long line of Jesuit Priests in the St. Mary's River region of which Father James Marquette, who came here in 1668, was the first."

FROM I.E.C.W. REPORTS

Varied Activities At Potawatomi (Kansas) Sac and Fox Reservation:

A small crew of men has been working on this reservation grubbing trees to be set out around lakes. 214 trees - ash, elm, hackberry, mulberry, oak, sumach, walnut - were grubbed this week. Since the ground is still frozen, it is a little difficult to grub the trees.

Kickapoo Reservation: Two crews have been digging on wells this week on this reservation and a third crew has been quarrying rock to be used in walling the wells. Two men worked at building a fence around one of the dams in preparation for planting trees around the lake.

Potawatomi Reservation: Two crews are digging on wells on the Potawatomi Reservation this week. Two crews are working at quarrying rock to be used for walling of wells and construction of masonry check dams. Three crews have been planting trees around dams. The men working on tree planting set out 540 trees, dug 2,708 holes for setting out of trees and dug up 510 trees to be set out. P. Everett Sperry.

Drainage Work At Salem Indian School (Oregon) The work on this project was somewhat retarded because we ran into a mixture of clay and beaver-dam soil. We believe that this project is teaching the Siletz and Grand Ronde Indians the fundamentals of soil conservation by actual experience which they probably would not fully grasp by reading. They see

the value of underground drainage in preventing the top-soil erosion.

L. Shawver, Dairyman.

Progress At Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) The cruising and mapping has been moving along at a pretty good pace this week. The snow is rapidly leaving the north slopes so that it is much easier to get around. Pretty soon we shall start to trace some of the map sheets. There is not a very large labor turnover on the timber reconnaissance crew as they seem to like the work. Harold Wing, Project Manager.

Camp Ground Development At Rosebud (South Dakota) Spotted Tail Park Project: This group of men have cleared all the brush from the park area this week; they have dismantled an old fence and picked up all the barbed wire. The men are engaged under close supervision in the thinning of the trees so that parts of the park will be made accessible to the public. The trees being cut are to be used for fencing the park area. Ralph O. Anderson, Principle Foreman.

Night School Program Completed At Turtle Mountain (North Dakota) The Night School Program was completed last Thursday. Representative articles that were completed were placed on display in the auditorium on this night. In this way, outsiders can inspect the work and see what has been done. The entertainment for that evening consisted of some form of musical act or

dialogue from each class. After the entertainment lunch was served and the evening was completed with card-playing. Also at this time certificates were issued to each student, thereby certifying that he had attended the classes regularly and for his efforts, was made this award. Donald Flahart, Junior Engineer.

Repair And Maintenance Work At Uintah & Ouray (Utah) Our seventy "Cat" has just been completed with an overhauling job. Ernest Holmes, our head mechanic, spent three days here in camp on account of bad roads. He remained here to be close to his work. With the help of some of our camp boys, Mr. Holmes was able to put the "Cat" back in first-class running order. Our bulldozer will also be overhauled, which will put our heavy trail machinery in shape for our spring work.

Some maintenance work was done on our trails this past week. Drain ditches were cut across the trails to keep from washing deep ruts and causing washouts in places.

Roy Langley with two of our boys have spent two days trying to locate cornerstones. Deep snow has made it quite difficult to locate some of these cornerstones. Fence building will start from this camp as soon as the weather permits.

Our amusement hall which collapsed due to heavy snowstorms, is well under way. We expected to have this building up by the 15th of this month but delay on the shipment of lumber put us back a few days. We expect to have this building up in a short time. Carnes La Rose.

Community Meeting At Kiowa (Oklahoma) Two check dams were completed this week and two other check dams were 75% completed.

The third community meeting was held last night at Mountain View, Oklahoma. There were about three hundred people out to see the program. Everybody sure did enjoy the program.

We want to thank each and everyone who made it possible for our Indians to work during the cold winter months. We hope we can be put back to work soon. Robert Goombi.

Drainage Work At New York (New York) The snowstorm on Wednesday somewhat retarded our work but on Thursday, conditions improved so work continued at a normal pace. A slight thaw caused the water to seep into the ditch, but not enough to interfere with the work. We expect to get to the high point in about ten days. The ditch in this section, when completed, will drain many acres of land which hitherto were mostly under water for the most part of the spring season. Joseph F. Tachell.

Tree Planting At Taholah (Washington) Project No. 58 is practically completed for this time; having planted 83,000 spruce and 10,200 douglas fir of the nursery stock; 5,300 spruce of the wild stock were also planted. There are approximately 375 acres planted of the 500 acres originally planned to plant for this period.

Project No. 54 consisted of cleaning out slides and ditches and patching frost damage.

Project No. 55 consisted of re-

pairing and brushing out foot trails.

Project No. 52 consisted of setting building on foundation.

Project No. 57, Operation of Nursery, consisted of routine work in the nursery. Paul Brodersen.

Indians Pleased With I.E.C.W. At Pipestone School (Minnesota) The Pipestone Sioux Indians have had very favorable weather for their work during the past week. The Indians in this community are well-pleased and thankful to have work on I.E.C.W. at this time as there is no other work available. We have experienced a very severe winter and if it were not for I.E.C.W. our Indians in this community would have suffered greatly. J. M. Balmer - Superintendent.

Hazard Reduction At Sisseton (South Dakota) Work on our Hazard Reduction Project was resumed on March 15th after a period of inactivity of over a week due to the fact that funds allotted to that project had been expended. Authority was granted from the Washington Office to continue with this project as it was the only one going at the Agency at this time.

A new crew was organized and more work has been accomplished this week than any previous week that we worked on this project. It is hoped to get most of the dead wood disposed of before the spring thaws began and destroy what is left of it. P. Nicodemus.

Favorable Weather Conditions At Yakima (Washington) Weather conditions have been exceptionally fine this week, with generally overcast

skies, but no rain. The trails here in the lowlands are dry and in good condition, so that the work on the graveling project from Mill Creek to Olney Creek has run along very nicely. The gasoline shovel has proven itself very satisfactory.

The garage and repair shop is busy overhauling trucks and tractors and is putting them in first-class condition for the coming season. A. W. Mitchell.

Protection Of Wild Life At Flathead (Montana) Work was continued in the area north of the Big Draw. There is much game wintering in this area. The coyotes are numerous and are killing some deer. Crusted snow allows the coyotes to walk on the top while deer being chased by the coyotes break through and have hard going in twenty inches of snow. Harold P. Smith.

Truck Trail Work At Hoopa Valley (California) Work has been progressing rapidly on all projects during the week. The Cletrac Bulldozer put in a full week on the Bloody Camp Truck Trail and made a good showing. The right-of-way crew is now in heavy timber and doing considerable blasting.

The crew working on the Subsistence Garden Project at Johnson Village completed 1600 feet of ditch and cleared 1.2 acres of right-of-way, making the project 15% completed as of March 13. The heavy timber and rough terrain on this project have slowed up the project somewhat but the men and people living at Johnson are greatly interested in this progress to date and the men deserve much credit for their showing. Patrick I. Rogers, Assistant Clerk.

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